Murder upon Murder,

Committed by *Thomas Sherwood*, alias, *Countrey Tom*: and *Elizabeth Evans* alias, *Canbrye Besse*: The first upon M. *Loe*, The 2. of M. *George Holt* of *Windzor*, whom inhumanely they kil neare *Islington* on the 22. day of January 1635. The last upon M. *Thomas Claxton* of *London* m lessly they murdered upon the second day of Aprill last past, neare unto Lambs Conduit e bar de of Holborne, with many other robberies and mischiefes by them committed from time ne sir midsomer last past, now revealed and confest by them, and now according to Judgement hang neare to Lambs Conduit, this 14 of Aprill, 1635. to the terror of all such offenders.

To the tune of Bragandary downe, &c.

All Christians all vnto my song,
I will moue your hearts to pitty,
Bloody murders haue beene done,
Here about the City:
Daily see the blood of Cain,
Which as euer will remaine.
Murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

No scarce a moneth within the yeare,
But murders vile are done,
Sonne the Father murdereth,
The Father kills the Sonne,
Brother and brother there's such debate,
Which in the end brings mortall hate.
Murder, &c.

The mother loseth her owne life,
Because she her child doth kill,
Some men in their drunkennesse,
Their deare friends blood doth spill,
Many more, through greedy gaine,
One brother hath the brother slaine.
Murder, &c.

The story now in hand,
Truth I will declare,
Which leaues mad vnto himselfe,
Let man then beware,
How Sherwood truely finde,
His murder bent his mind.

A man of honest parentage,
traind vp to husbandry,
But weary of that honest life,
to London he did hye:
Where to his dismall wofull Fate,
He chose a Queane for his copesmate.
O murder, &c.

One Canbery Besse in Turnball street,
on him did cast an eye,
And pray'd him to giue her some drinke,
as he was passing by:
With two stones he gaue consent,
And for the same doe now repent.
O murder, &c.

For by alluring tempting bates,
she sotted so his minde,
That vnto any villany,
fierce Sherwood was inclind,
His coyne all spent he must haue more,
For to content his filthy (Whore)
O murder, &c.

Much mischiefe then by them was done
in and about the City,
But still they scape vnpunished,
(not knowne) more was the pitty,
To deadly sinnes they then did fall,
Not onely robbe but murder all.
O murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

The first was Master Wm Loe,
a Gentleman of note,
And cruell Sherwood laid him low
with an inhumane stroke:
Nor birth nor blood they did regard,
Yet death for blood is their reward.
O murder, &c.

One Master Holt of Windsor towne,
a Norwich Factor he,
Walking abroad to take the ayre,
felt next their bucherey,
For Sherwood with a fatall blow,
This goodman kill'd, his queen will so,
O murder, &c.

His cloak, hat, ruffe, from him they wrie
eleuen groats also,
And were about his cloathes to stripe,
his shirt, shoes, hose thereto,
But being scard, away they flye,
he hath confest this villany.
O murder, &c.

A vile lose life they still run on,
regarding not their end,
Their hearts still bent to cruelty,
not minding to amend:
They cannot see Sathan the deuill,
That drags them vnto all this euill.
O murder, lust and murder,
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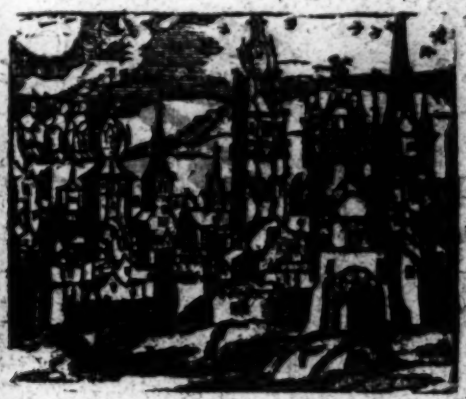
The ſecond part To the ſame tune.



AW

FOr being ſtaight with humane bloud,
they thirſted ſtill for more,
The more from God O man thou runſt
the greater is thy ſcore:
Like rauening wolues they prye & watch,
How they the innocent may catch.
O murder, luſt and murder,
is the foule ſinke of ſin.

The laſt that fell into their hands,
was Walter Claxton he,
A Gentleman of good deſcent,
and well belou'd truely,
Who walkt vnarm'd by breake of day,
In holborne fields they did him ſlay.
O murder, &c.

A ſcarlet coate from him they toke,
new ſuit from top to toe,
His bootes, hat, ſhirt they toke from him
much money eke alſo,
And left him in the fields ſo wide
So fled away and not diſcride.
O murder, &c,

But marke the goodneſſe of the Lord,
on the ſucceeding day,
That Sherwood with his trull did think
beyond ſea take their way,
In Houndſdich were together tane,
Selling the coat in the ſame lane.
O murder, &c.

With the new ſuit vpon his back,
and all things elſe beſide,
The queane the hat of Walter Holt,
which they had murdered,
So vnto Newgate were they ſent,
Confeſt all this, and doe repent.
O murder, &c.

Wiſhing all men when as they walke
, to haue a ſpeciall care,
And not to go vnarm'd, or late,
but ſword or truncheon weare,
Had they done ſo Sherwood doth ſay,
He had not ventred them to ſlay.
O murder. &c.

Within three quarters of a yeare,
theſe murders they haue done,
And maim'd and ſpoiled many a one,
by their confeſſion:
Such deadly blowes he did them giue,
It was ſtrange that after they ſhould liue
O murder, &c.

For theſe bad facts he now doth dye,
iuſt iudgement for his miſde,
All ſuch ill liuers grant they may,
no worſe nor better ſped,
So ſhall England from crying ſinne,
We euer free, Gods mercy winne.
For murder luſt and murder,
is the foule ſinke of ſinne.

FINIS.

Printed at Lond on for *T. Langley*, and are to be ſold by *Thomas Lambert* in Smithfield, neare to the Hoſpitall gate.